

Dragons And Other Teenage Problems

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Summary: Burlly Vikings. Wild dragons. Blaine Anderson doesn't exactly fit into the world of fighting, but Kurt Hummel certainly does. Throw in Pavarotti the Night Fury, frequent dragon attacks and well, you've got yourself in a bit of trouble. Klaine. ON HIATUS

1. Prologue

****AN: Just a teaser to see if anyone likes it...****

**** Disclaimer: Glee belongs to Fox. How To Train Your Dragon certainly doesn't belong to me.****

* * *

><p>Welcome to Lima, which is somewhere in the Lost Isles of Tina. It's a couple of days travel north from Westerville and then you turn south at the Berry Island.<p>

My village in a word? Sturdy.

It's been there for around seven generations and all the buildings are new. We have fishing, hunting, a few good shops which sell 'coffee' which doesn't actually taste nice and an okay view of the sunset.

The downfalls of the village are the pests.

You see, Westerville has foxes, Defiance- somewhere in Harmony County- has flies and McKinley has flies.

In Lima, we have dragons.

* * *

><p>This is based on the movie version of How To Train Your

Dragon, by the way...

2. Ein

Thank you for all the kind reviews- well, 3. But still! I really appreciate the things you said. Now, a lot should hopefully be cleared up in this chapter- Blaine, why stuff happened etc. Well, have a dash of onesided Klaine too. :D

Disclaimer: I don't own glee, or HTTYD.

* * *

><p>My name's Blaine Anderson. In a few years, I'll be the chief- that is, if everyone manages to stop laughing at me behind my back.<p>

You see, my dad died whilst fighting a dragon a few years ago, and his best friend's taking over my future duties. Burt Hummel's a brilliant, if reluctant, chief. He's manly, got muscles, doesn't really like dragons, the whole sha-bang.

It's all worked out. The second I turn 18- the millisecond more like it-, Burt can hand over the furry vest and everyone will sort of recognise me as their leader.

The problem in that marvellous, fault-free plan is me.

I'm scrawny. I have no luxuriant beard. I'm kinda short. I can't pick up an axe. I have really curly hair. I don't kill things. I'm often compared to a puppy. I'm the exact opposite from a Viking. Even my name's kinda stupid. Blaine.

It was supposed to be 'Pain', but when I introduced myself, I apparently had a lisp and always pronounced it 'Thaine', but everybody heard 'Blaine'.

I don't get it either.

According to ancient Viking folklore, the scarier the name, the more gnomes and trolls will try to avoid you. It's definitely true in case of Santana Lopez. I'd be scared of that name. She's scarier in person. I think the trolls and gnomes avoid us because of our charming demeanour though. A few days ago, Rachel Berry screamed in my face and then walked off with a sing songy 'Good morning, Blaine!'

Whatever she tells you, I did not walk into a wall after that.

So. I'm not exactly leadership material. Even Brittany's more like a chief than me.

Besides, everytime I try to fight a dragon, either my curly hair gets in my eyes and I accidentally set fire to a sheep, or the dragons burn my eyebrows off. Vikings want a chief with eyebrows, according to Sue Sylvester. Well, the polite version of whatever Sue Sylvester actually said. She likes to insult me.

The only thing I excell at is being sensible. I mean, who actually

goes and fights dragons, when you can stay at home and bake bread? (No-one. Not even me. We don't know how to bake bread. Only Mollie Hummel knows, and she's disappeared, which is actually pretty sad because she was awesome.)

Well, I'm also good at building things, but what is that going to do when a dragon is burning down your home and your people and shouting your name? Are you supposed to build them a little toy hammer which squeaks everytime you whack a Gronkle on the head?

I'm useless.

* * *

><p>I sighed as I hastily slammed the door shut. The Monstrous Nightmare was at it again. For some reason, it just loved to breathe fire onto my wooden door and set the house on fire. It swooped down and snatched three sheep up and flew off smugly.<p>

Just great. Those sheep had some of the best wool in ages. They would've made really nice vests.

Quickly, I opened the door and ran back outside, dodging numerous sheep feet. You see, most people would've ran from the village, screaming like Emma Pilsbury did. I found her in a cave, rocking back and forth, babbling about unhygienic weapons and a Terrible Terror somehow eating William Schuester. To be fair, she wasn't a Viking. We have stubbornness issues.

One of the boats was on fire, burning behind me. It somehow exploded magnificently- I guess Finn's flatulence thing was the problem. Nick fell over and his spear landed alarmingly close to my foot. I pulled it out and handed it to him. Without turning around, he slapped a Terrible Terror off his back. He then snatched the spear from my hands and threw it in the air.

'Thanks!' He yelled. I sigh and begin running again.

'WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?' Jeff shrieked. 'You're running towards a Gronckle!' Another Terrible Terror leaped onto Jeff's face and they began struggling. I turned around and, yep, there's a Gronckle.

'BLAINE!' Dakota Stanley yelled. He jumped on top of me, and began doodling on my chest. I squirmed unpleasantly- if I do become an okay chief, I think I'll banish Dakota Stanley.

'Get off me,' I said pitifully.

'I'm not gay,' Dakota said surely, before daintily picking himself up off me and dusting his armour. 'Go chop a blade of grass for me.' He added, slapping me on my butt. A Monstous Nightmare somehow managed to whack him into a building.

I'm surprisingly okay with the idea of Dakota Stanley in a burning building. I think Puck would be too.

Once I get back on my feet, it's running...again. Dodging angry dragons and cheerful Vikings just means a lot of running, you know.

'What are you doing outside?'

'What are you doing?'

'Get back inside!'

'Yo hobbit! Get your fine ass back where it should be- inside! Or Imma kick it there, because that's how we do it in-Lima-Heights!'

Santana shouted at me, her voice growing higher with the last three words. I have no idea where or what Lima Heights is, or how Santana knows it, but I run just a little bit quicker. Honestly, Santana is scary.

There appears to be a chorus of 'Get back inside' and 'What are you doing out here?'. I bet the Council just spends most of their time planning what they'll say to me when I try to knock out a Gronckle. I'm reaching forward, about to hammer it on the head with a tiny wooden hammer and-

'What the hell are you doing outside?' someone yelled, their voice booming magnificently. His arm reached out and grabbed my collar, yanking me up like a puppy. 'What- Wes, David, what is he doing outside?'

Wes and David scrambled up the hill, shrugging simultaneously. It's disorientating if you didn't know them- they frequently say that they're brothers from different mothers. It sums up their relationship perfectly. Burt put me down without a second glance.

'Don't know, sir,' David panted.

'David,' Burt said. 'My name is Burt. Call me by my name.'

'Yes...Burt, sir.' Wes said.

Yep. That's the almighty Burt Hummel. Legend has it that he popped a dragon's head right off his shoulders when he was a baby. Do I believe it?

A dragon flew by and Burt easily picked up the nearest cannon and chucked it at the Zippleback, grimacing as the cannon broke.

Yeah. I believe it.

'What have we got?' Burt asked Wes and David. He wasn't even out of breath.

'Gronckles.' David stated.

'Nadders.' Wes added.

'Zipplebacks.'

'Of course-'

'the Monstrous Nightmare.' They finished together. The nearest boat exploded and the smell was horrible. I really needed to get someone

to talk to Finn and Puck, maybe confront them about their bean addiction or something. Wes was clutching his weapon of choice- the gavel- tightly in his hand. Burt didn't even flinch.

'Any Night Furies?' he asked warily.

'None yet,' David answered.

'Good,' Burt muttered. The sky grew darker with that statement and the dragons were circling the sky ominously. Burt picked me up again. 'Now get back inside! You matter, Blaine, whether you like it or not, and I don't want to be chief all the time you know! Santana!' She appeared, glaring at me. I immediantly recoiled. 'Take him back inside!'

I groaned.

* * *

><p>Santana pushed me back into the little hut full of weapons. I brushed imaginary lint off my shoulders, carefully avoiding all sharp ends.<p>

'Nice to see you back here,' Wes suddenly said, popping up from no-where.

'We thought you'd been carried off by a Terrible Terror,' David finished.

'Me?' I said with false bravado. 'No, come on! They wouldn't know what to do with...' I trailed off, flexing my imaginary muscles. I probably looked like a little toddler, trying to look manly. Scratch that- toddlers were actually stronger. Beth still laughs every time she looks at me.

'They wouldn't know what to do with that.' David repeated, glancing at my vain attempts to look vaguely like them.

'Well, dragons need toothpicks, don't they?'

I picked up a boulder and mentally groaned. How the heck does Rachel Berry carry these with such ease? She was tiny!

Wes handed David a hammer with ease. They both began randomly throwing them out of the mechanical shop. I rolled my eyes- please tell me it wasn't another crazy ritual they had.

Several dragons fell to the ground unconscious, with other Vikings catching the bolas and cannonballs.

I've been Wes and David's apprentice since I was small...smaller. Burt came back into my line of vision.

'We'll counter attack with...'

I stopped listening. I mean, today was the day we rebuilt those houses and now look at them. They were burning down easily. I keep suggesting metal doors or something.

I looked somewhere else.

Oh. Artie, Finn, the cousins Santana and Puck, Lauren, Rachel and...who else was there?

They all grabbed a bucket of water, with Santana and Puck arguing over who should carry the now-empty bucket. They all rushed off, leaving..._him._

He reached over and grabbed the fullest bucket, lifting it with ease. His hair caught the light, turning slightly red and those trousers skimmed over his body easily. His eyes turned grey in the light, but quickly turned to green, then blue, then green. It was confusing to watch, but easy to get lost in. His muscles rippled as he threw the water towards the burning building. Something shot a fireball behind her and he simply turned around and whacked the offending dragon on the head with the wooden bucket.

That's Kurt Hummel. Fashionable, amazing at fighting, sarcastic, likes boys and tough. He's...awesome. Oh yeah, and I'm pretty sure he hates me.

They ran from the flames, Santana sneering at me and Puck making an obscene gesture towards Lauren.

Their job is so much cooler than mine.

Once again, I am being lifted by my collar.

'Hey,' I said, squirming.

'Hubba de hubba.' David said, his face completely blank. I hit him on the arm. He doesn't even have the courtesy of pretending he noticed.

'Give me a break,' I pleaded. 'Please! I need to make an impact on the village!'

'You've made an impact,' Wes said, 'but in the wrong way and in the wrong places.'

'Wes, what can happen in two minutes?'

'You could make a cup of tea,' David said. I shook my head.

'I could go outside, knock out a dragon in front of Burt and my life will get better! For goodness sake, I might even get a date, or at least a pity high five.'

'You're too short to reach the high five.' David quipped. I rolled my eyes.

'Besides,' Wes said. 'You can't lift a hammer, you can't swing an axe-'

'He can't pick up bolas.' David added, throwing a pair of them towards me. I instinctively ducked, and they flew out the window. I watched as dragons fell to the floor with a satisfying _clunk_.

'Well no,' I amended. 'But this-' I said, gesturing towards a cannon

I built, 'can do it for me.'

I accidentally touched the cannon and it chucked a net onto a Viking, leaving him squirming. A dragon promptly set it on fire.

'Are you okay, Sue?' David said worriedly, stepping forwards and patting Sue's flaming vest down.

'GET YOUR ASIAN HANDS OFF OF MY VEST! HOW DARE YOU LET YOUR SEMEN TAINTED, GREASY HANDS TOUCH MY ONE OF A KIND-'

That's Sue. She's terrifying and for some reason, she wants to rule Lima. I can't think of a reason why.

'See, this is the kind of thing we're talking about.' Wes chided.

'Mild calibration issues-' I tried to explain.

'Blaine, if you ever actually want to properly knock out a dragon, you need to stop all...that.'

Wes waved his hands around in my general direction.

'You just gestured to all of me.' I said dryly, deflating slightly when Wes nodded slightly.

'He's right.' David added.

'Ohh,' I said, wobbling my head strangely.

'Ohh?'

'I see what you're doing.' I lied. 'You're...you're playing a v-very dangerous game, sirs. Keeping this much...vikingness contained will be a...truly terrifying thing.'

David tossed me a sword, nearly sending me buckling. 'I'll take my chances. Start sharpening.'

I sigh and began sharpening the sword wearily.

One day, I'll make it. Killing a dragon is everything around here.

* * *

><p>Okay, yeah, that's the chapter so far. But it's like 2400 words, so I have to end it. __.

End
file.